

# The Evening World.

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## A QUESTION OF FITNESS.

A LETTER typical of several to reach The Evening World comes from William Magee of Brooklyn.

Mr. Magee expresses approval of the general editorial policy of this paper and closes as follows:

"But your inexplicable and virulent attacks upon a man who is honest and sincere, cheerful and industrious and well meaning even in his blunders, are more than I can fathom, and, to put it strongly, most disgusting. Why not give John F. Hylan, the best Mayor that ever sat in the City Hall, a decent chance?"

Here is an example of a type of thinking which is a real menace to the welfare of New York City. It is the effect of a kind of propaganda which Tammany Hall is most assiduously spreading.

The Evening World does not attack the honesty, sincerity, cheerfulness, industry or good intentions of John F. Hylan. He may be all his friends say of him in this respect. But it cannot be emphasized too plainly that these are not enough to qualify a man to head the great business undertaking which is the Government of the City of New York.

They do not make "the best Mayor." If they did, New York would need a Mayor far better than the best yet.

New York needs a man of intelligence, of broad vision, of administrative ability, of a constructive turn of mind. These qualities Mayor Hylan has not shown.

The Evening World sincerely hopes John F. Hylan will always have every "decent chance" to serve in any office for which his capacities fit him.

Such an office the Mayorality of the biggest city in the Western Hemisphere is NOT.

It will be stern joy to robust reformers to learn that \$1,869,900,000 cigarettes and 8,720,750,000 cigars were manufactured in this still unregenerate land last year.

## ROUGH GOING.

SENATOR REED of Missouri asks a highly pertinent question:

"Have we three bodies of legislators, one the House, another the Senate and the third the Anti-Saloon League?"

Judging by the present status of the so-called beer bill, the last named, self-appointed legislative body has already stubbed its toe pretty badly.

If the fall that cometh after is proportionate to the pride that goeth before, the Anti-Saloon League is due for some of the worst bumps on record.

By the way, what has become of the "by and with" clause of the Constitution? Did the Senators exhaust the supply of "advice" during the Wilson Administration? Have they nothing but consent in stock?

## NORMAL INVASION.

CONGRESS is getting back to "normalcy." It must seem just like old times to the clerks and messengers. A Congressman wants the President impeached for invading Congress and usurping the sacred rights of representative government.

It is recorded that the Democrats cheered and the Republicans laughed.

For the country at large it is no such laughing matter. For the fault is not with the President, whether he be Democratic, as for the last four years, or Republican, as for the four years to come.

Invasion is possible only because it is essential. To be a President, Mr. Harding or any other occupant of the White House must be more than a President. The President, whatever his party, is drawn into Congress instead of intruding.

Congress is remiss in its duties. It wanders without leadership. It thinks in Congressional districts, not for the Nation.

The President is the only official directly elected by and representative of the whole Nation, and until Congress changes tactics the President will have to continue to "invade."

The size of the country as compared with the size of Congressmen has made this normal.

When it comes to city finance, Comptroller Craig seems pretty well equipped to examine himself and Senator Brown also.

## BROKEN STEP.

IN an alimony hearing this week, a Brooklyn court listened to real tragedy. The husband said:

"The house was bought against my wishes. . . . I had no desire to become a social lion. . . . I had seen my children grow up and develop talents I could neither appreciate nor understand. My wife craved social advancement. . . . My children came in contact with a different class of people. . . . I, not knowing the uses of polite society, became an embarrassment. . . . a stranger in my own home."

Here is heart-rending human tragedy. Here is the raw material and plot for a great tragic novel.

great because the experience is so oft repeated in human life.

Society cannot judge this particular case. That is for the courts. But society should recognize the lesson, particularly for young people starting life together.

Similar conditions are responsible for a large proportion of divorces. What makes this action distinctive is that the real reason is given frankly and humbly. In most cases it is hidden under "incompatibility," "cruelty," "desertion" and the hundred other reasons the divorce judges hear.

One of the greatest tragedies of married life occurs when one of the partners develops and the other does not.

Life is growth. Both partners to a marriage should seek to develop—on different lines, perhaps—but with mutual interest in and appreciation of the strivings of the other.

Happiness is not to be found in stagnation. But the time to discover this is early in life.

Oftentimes the wreck of happiness does not reach the divorce court, but that may mean only an intensification of the real and underlying tragedy of mis-mated marriage.

## WHAT DOES IRELAND WILL?

LOYD GEORGE and Lord Curzon declared to the British Parliament yesterday, in almost the same words, that the Government's offers to Ireland have gone to the utmost limit short of disruption of the empire.

"Rejection," Lloyd George told the House of Commons, "would be an unmistakable challenge to the authority of the Crown and the unity of the empire."

"We have offered," said Lord Curzon to the House of Lords, "all that is possible without compromising the safety of the realm, the sovereignty of the Crown and the unity of the empire."

Irish Republicans can come back with the hot rejoinder that for them the unity of the empire weighs less than a feather.

But at the present moment, even leaving Ulster out of account, would that reply represent the true feelings of a majority of the Irish people?

No sensible Irishman can deny that there is now open to Ireland an opportunity for freedom and peace such as the great Irish leaders of the past would have hailed as beyond their highest hopes.

To accept that opportunity means immediate entering upon the most propitious and prosperous era in Irish history—an era in which Irish self-government can steadily develop until it commands the respect and admiration of the world.

Would a true majority of the Irish people back the Republican hotheads in blotting out that prospect?

That is the crucial and urgent question in the Irish situation.

If self-determination means anything anywhere, it means something in Ireland. The British offers have unquestionably had an effect upon the Irish popular mind. The Irish pronouncement as to their offers should be something broader, deeper and more convincing than the excited oratory of leaders or even elected representatives in whom are concentrated the extremes of irreconcilable Irish hatred and resentment.

It would be unthinkable crime and folly for the British Government to attempt tricks in working out the details of a momentous Irish settlement upon which the attention of the whole world is centered.

Irishmen should try to clear their minds of suspicion and believe that this time British statesmanship can risk no other course than strict adherence to the letter of its pledges.

If, as Lloyd George says, the issue—as between a united and a divided empire—has been more clearly defined than ever before, the time has come to give the Irish popular will full play in deciding it.

It would be a colossal and irreparable wrong to both Ireland and Great Britain if the British offer were rejected without a referendum to the Irish people.

## THE OUTSIDER.

(From the Living Age.)

The New Zealand Court of Appeals has recently decided in a final judgment that as "the United States has not assumed any of the obligations of the Treaty of Versailles, it cannot claim for itself or its citizens any of the rights conferred by it."

The court thereby denied the claim of a Boston man for patent protection "in respect of a new safety razor."

The treaty provides for an extension of the time allowed for patent claims where these were delayed on account of the war.

Such an extension would have been granted to a German or a Japanese, but it was denied to an American.

## TWICE OVERS.

"I THINK you are right."—Senator Brown to Comptroller Craig.

"HUNGER does not merely cause physical suffering, it sears the soul."—Chaliapine, Russian singer.

# Planning Ahead!

By John Cassel



## From Evening World Readers

What kind of a letter do you find most readable? Isn't it the one that gives you the worth of a thousand words in a couple of hundred? There is fine mental exercise and a lot of satisfaction in trying to say much in a few words. Take time to be brief.

Hylan as a Speaker.

To the Editor of The Evening World.

Your correspondent S. David, who evidently regards Hylan as already "washed," according to his thoughts as found expressed on paper, offers nothing which will sustain his statement, "Mayor Hylan, who has indeed made good." If David is reading the Hearst papers, that no doubt explains his attitude.

I agree with David that Hylan has made good; but not as Mayor of the wonderful bedlam, but as an efficient politician. Politician is a synonym for public agent in my opinion, and Hylan certainly is a good public agent, i.e., Police boss John F. Hylan, the opening of a new city utility (America, Purdy and various business lines); incidentally the "common people" are the payees of a great part of the expense which this involves.

SAMUEL J. REDDIBARD.

Barber Bandits.

To the Editor of The Evening World.

Those who, like myself, object to handing over hard earned cash to the modern highwayman, the barber, should quit visiting them and do the necessary themselves.

I have been a self-shaver since early youth and have never used anything but the safety razor.

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## UNCOMMON SENSE

By John Blake

(Copyright, 1921, by John Blake.)

PRACTICE DOES IT.

The professional athlete beats the amateur athlete because he practises more. He gets his livelihood from playing baseball or golf or by boxing. Let him get stale and his bread and butter are gone.

So he either practises or stops being a professional. He can't keep the pace without knowing how.

Your livelihood is probably not earned by athletics. But practice is just as necessary to you as it is to the professional boxer or golfer.

You must exercise enough to keep yourself fit. But remember you are not making money out of golf or boxing but out of your professional trade.

That is what you need to practise.

Demosthenes had a bad voice and an impediment in his speech. He got rid of both by practice. Going down to the shore, he talked against the roar of the surf. When he was able to make people hear him above the noise of the waves he put pebbles in his mouth and practised again.

After his voice overcame the handicap of both pebbles and waves he began to speak as an orator. But his practice was not done. He had to learn to choose words and sentences then, and that too required practice.

It is better in practising minor things to do so in private.

If your English is bad, don't try to improve it while you are writing business letters; write letters that will not be read and go over them and correct them.

Stevenson wrote thousands and thousands of words that no man ever saw but himself merely to make his sentences flow more smoothly. The results of his practice may be found in his collected works.

You know the things in which you are deficient; practise doing them till the deficiency disappears. It will take time and patience, but your success depends upon it.

If a ball player can afford to spend five or six hours a day throwing a ball merely to earn a livelihood for a short space of his life, surely you can afford to spend the same amount of time in the job that you must depend on till you die or acquire your fortune.

save his skin and soul? Or a descendant of a drunkard who swore off for fear of giving in to the same weakness? A coward? Envy? Because I cannot, thou must not, completes the woful creature.

By making Prohibition our law, we have officially declared ourselves as feeble minded, as cowards. How can we resent the stinging sneer, having thus branded ourselves?

Better hang all the drunkards and their breeds than deprive one free born man of his liberty and dignity.

New York, Aug. 17, 1921.

Wages and Living Expenses.

To the Editor of The Evening World.

I notice in The Evening World about the high wages paid to city employees since 1915. I claim I am not getting as much as I was in 1917, according to living expenses. I should think city expenses would have to go up according to everything else.

ASHCART DRIVER.

New York, Aug. 17, 1921.

## From the Wise

Recollection is the only paradise from which we cannot be turned out.—Rohrer.

Tombs are the clothes of the dead; a grave is but a plain suit; a rich monument is an embroidered one.—Fallor.

We lose the peace of years when we hunt after the rapture of moments.—Bulwer.

He knows not what love is who has no children.

—American proverb.

The pleasure of playing games comes from the small vanity of beating our opponents.—Bovee.

## TURNING THE PAGES

—BY—

E. W. Osborn

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LET up the veil! Cast them away! Unfold the black, the dusk, the grey.

Unwind the maw and violet That shimmering say, "Forget . . . forget . . ."

When I lie down to sleep at night, Now lift the innermost veil of white. Sheer blanched oblivion lift from me That my reviving soul may see

The world of amber and of rose Where, flower-like, the morning grows.

I will lift up my hands on high, Saluting morning in the sky. Oh, I will pluck it out of space And in its beauty hide my face!

Marguerite Wilkins' "Waking Up" song, as printed in the *Moscow* for August.

Everybody who feels that way the first thing in the morning will kindly signalize the fact by raising the right hand.

But whatever the outcome of the vote, it will not spoil the poetry.

Drink and the Unprohibited Rich . . .

A thought on Prohibition, gathered for the New Republic by Robert Morris Lovett from a conversation overheard:

Liquor has always been a prominent sign of that conspicuous waste upon which Mr. Weldon finds that the position of the leisure class depends, but whereas formerly this prestige was a matter largely of conspicuousness, and was based in qualitative considerations, in the present situation such fine-spun distinctions have been lost sight of and quantity alone counts.

Hence, whereas a single cocktail used to be an appropriate aperitif, now the hostess is blackballed who does not serve three or four.

Similarly a dance could be hosted on a supply of liquor which would nowadays be accounted niggardly.

Whether or not the poor are drinking too little, it is certain that the rich are drinking too much.

An irreducible conclusion drawn from the inevitable fact that Prohibition is class legislation.

Love Verses the Big Idea . . .

We borrow a section of timely conversation from the pages of "Three Young Rebels" (Appleton), a fresh novel by Frances R. Sterrett.

"Are you engaged to Arthur Parnell?" she asked bluntly.

Kitty hesitated before a desire to tell the truth and claim the fascinating Arthur and a yearning to ask Sybil what difference it made to her whether she was or wasn't.

"Not exactly," she said slowly.

"Just what do you mean by that, my dear?" questioned Aunt Susanne, the chaperon.

"We probably would be engaged if we could think alike on the vital questions. But I never would marry a man who doesn't agree with me on the most important things in the world!"

Uncle Albert looked grave. So did Aunt Susanne. What did Kitty mean? Sybil asked her.

"What on earth do you mean by that?" she demanded.

"He doesn't believe in the freedom of women!" Kitty flushed as she told them what she meant.

"He hasn't a single modern idea!" she was so ashamed for Arthur that she blushed.

"God bless my soul!" muttered Uncle Albert.

Does anybody blame Uncle Albert? We ask you.

Air Fighting and World's End . . .

In his book, "The World in Revolt" (Macmillan